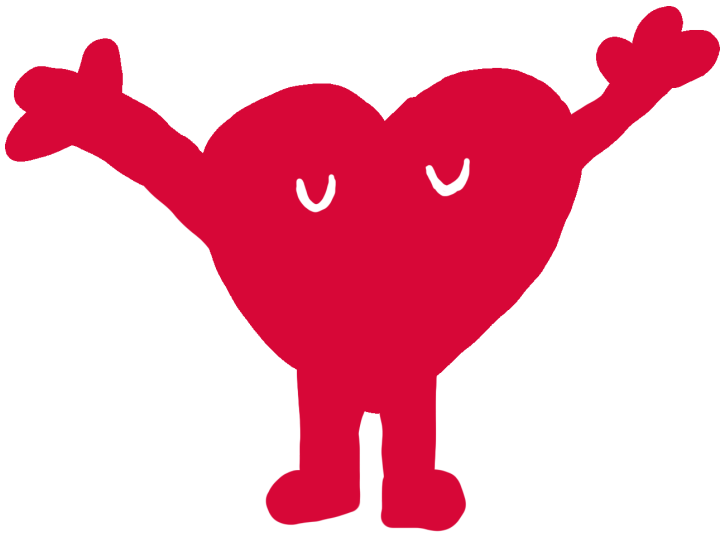




VALENTINES DAY ISSUE





The Big Feelers Club Art Collective was formed by BUNNYTEEF after an online open call where they requested solace through the form of community - looking for other artists who feel emotions incredibly deeply.

They recieved a huge number of responses - and as a result formed *The Big Feelers Club* , and collated the artworks in this zine in time for valentine's day.

Use this zine in whatever way suits you - rip out the pages and stick them on your walls, give them as postcards to someone you love , read it like gospel, feel seen, read about something you don't understand.
Whatever you do ,do it with big feelings.

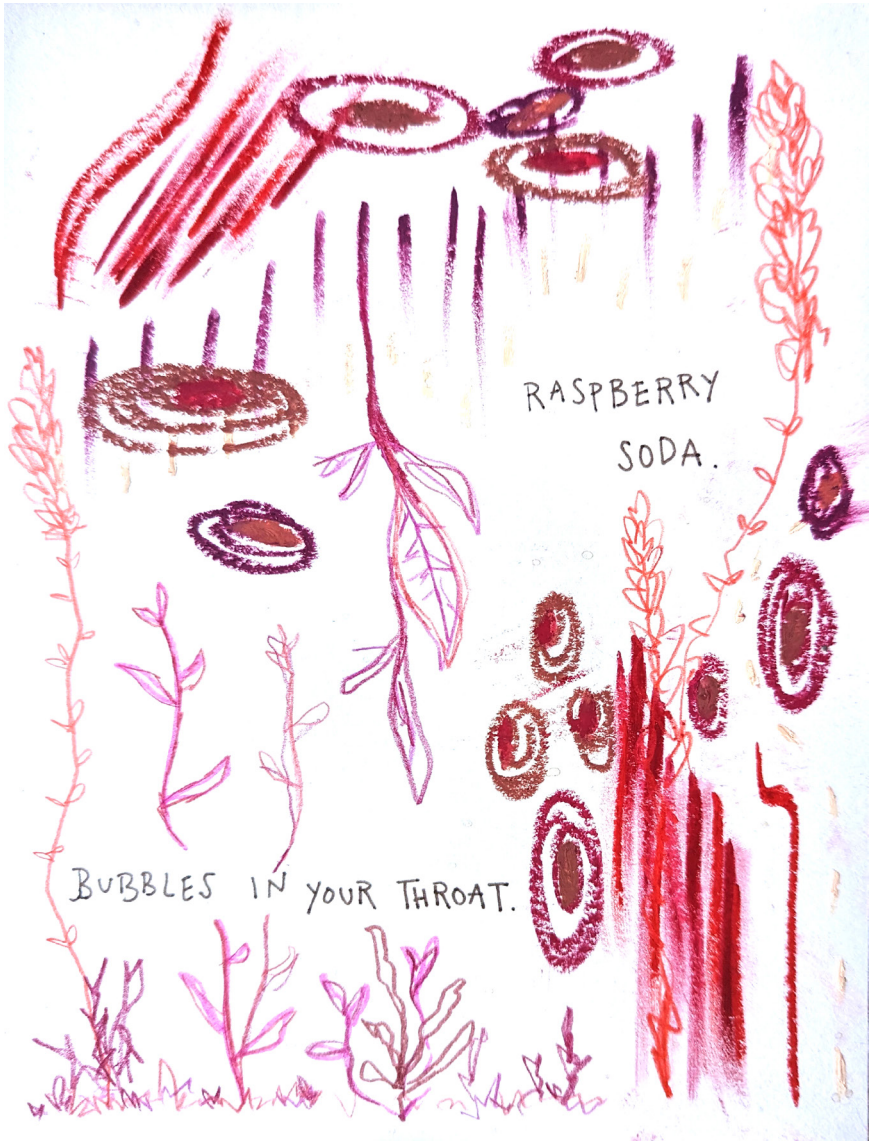
Follow along or join us @bigfeelersclub on instagram

Adam Hanford
@rookerful
They/Them

As a textile student and big feeler, my work focuses on texture and sensation. For me, feelings are tactile - to be felt, touched. These poems visualise queer love, queer sex, and the cacophony of colour and emotion that surround queer relationships.

She sighs
your name in
cornflower blue
and you're almost sure
that she could chew your
heart to pieces, a pulpy
munch of agony and
restless desire and still
you would taste the
dew of morning flowers
over the bitter
savagery of love, stuck
between your teeth





Kit
@kit.fever
They / Them

‘It’s Complicated’ looks at the conflicts of questioning gender and transitioning whilst in a relationship with a cisgender person.



It's Complicated, 2022

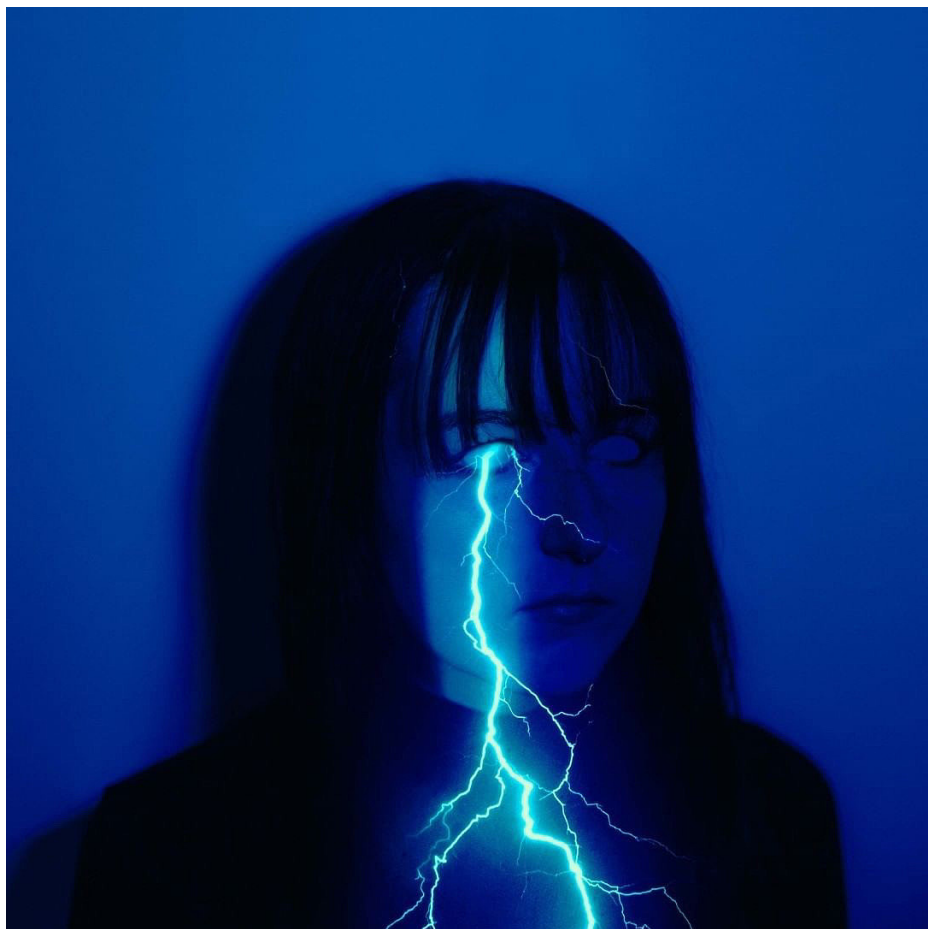
Maisy Carty
@maisycphoto
maisycphotos@gmail.com
She/They

I either oversleep or can't sleep at all.



Too Much, 2022





Heart to Heart
Finn Matteo
@batboy.png
He/Him

I am an illustration student based in germany. This piece is about the nonverbal expression of feelings that words will never be enough for. it is about the almost overwhelming love one can experience and the sharing of this special feeling.



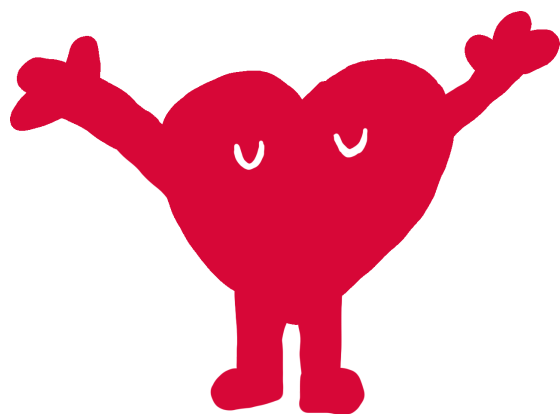
Heart to Heart, 2022

EB
@eb_art_stuff
He/They

I work in a range of mediums from animation to film and photography. I use art as a form of self-expression, with themes of childhood joy and pain, growing up, and self-growth influencing my work heavily. The two pieces I have created for this zine touch on childhood wonder. Finding a teddy bear alone in a box at a flea market and bringing him home. Imagining myself as tiny with my tiny dog going for a walk along a puddle edge.







Millie
@themiliad
She/Her

I'm a queer illustrator studying in Manchester, still figuring out what I like to make. This piece was made in one session quite loosely since I wanted it to be honest. It's an insight into love and loving from someone who thinks about both a lot. To me love is kindness.

I've never found it hard 'to love', not to be
cheesy but I think love is everywhere.

seeing 'love' has a happiness
attached to it - couples,
children, families, just smiles
between strangers.

ligisticum. n.
love (luv) n.
feeling caus
and crav
another
of the o



anything can be
a gesture of 'love'

jealousy can get
the better of
me in 'love',
but why try to
put an end to
another's 'love'?



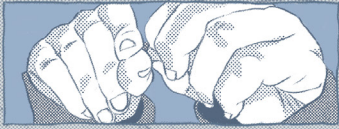
theemilad

Toad Carlton
@rhubarbfools
They/Them

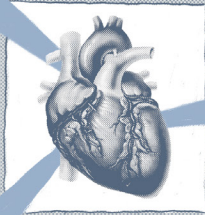
I am a queer multidisciplinary artist and writer, currently studying film theory.

This piece conveys my experience being a person with big feelings, who doesn't always know where to put them! It's highly referential, as all my work has a tendency to be. I find our personal relationships to "popular" culture to be fertile ground for exploration and creative practice.

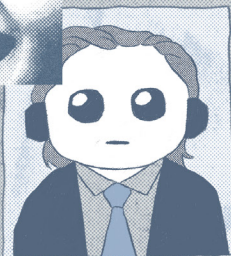
all emotions experienced in extreme degrees. a constant exercise in stifling, calming, regulating.



a heart that feels like it's going to burst... or stop. it flutters.



i am constantly afraid. i am giddy and apprehensive and delighted. i am an empty-eyed patrick bateman creature autistically staring at you over the counter before, like a vacant NPC alerted by a player's proximity, i greet you with the warmth of an old friend.



a friend once described me as 'rawdogging reality' due to my aversion to psychotropics, smoking, never being prescribed over the counter drugs.

fig A:
MOI

fig B:
THE HORRORS

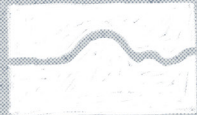


positive feelings are stored in the trunk, fear in the back of the throat, sadness at the front.

OH, BUT YOUR LOVE IS SUCH A SWAMP, YOU'RE THE ONLY THING I WANT AND I SAID I WOULDN'T CRY ABOUT IT, IIIIIII...

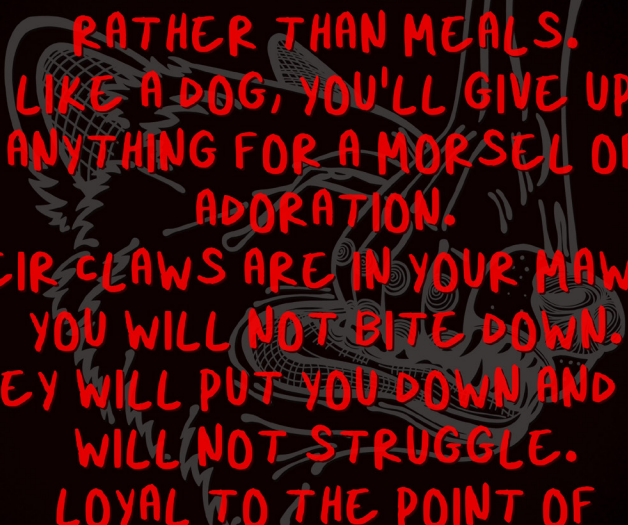


i haven't cried in public for three years but just last night i was bawling over matt berninger's singing voice.



“STRAY”
Elm Tyto Gleeson
@elm.tree.art
it/he • agender transmasc

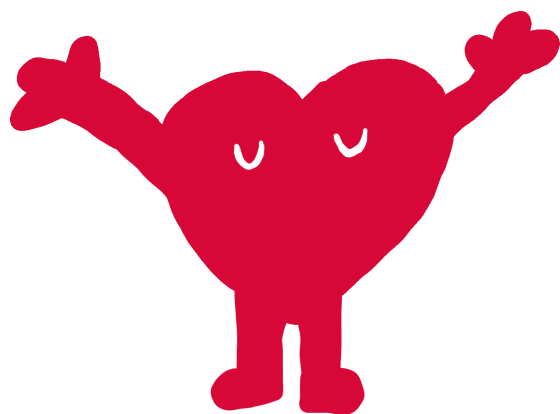
I’m an illustration student at UCA who makes art as a release for any and all emotions. I made this piece based on a thought I had while in an episode. It’s about how loving hard can lead to misplaced loyalty, and therefore to self-destruction.



YOU'VE LEARNT TO LOVE IN TIDBITS
RATHER THAN MEALS.
LIKE A DOG, YOU'LL GIVE UP
ANYTHING FOR A MORSEL OF
ADORATION.
THEIR CLAWS ARE IN YOUR MAW AND
YOU WILL NOT BITE DOWN.
THEY WILL PUT YOU DOWN AND YOU
WILL NOT STRUGGLE.
LOYAL TO THE POINT OF
DESTRUCTION, FOR A LOVE THAT IS
NOT FREE.

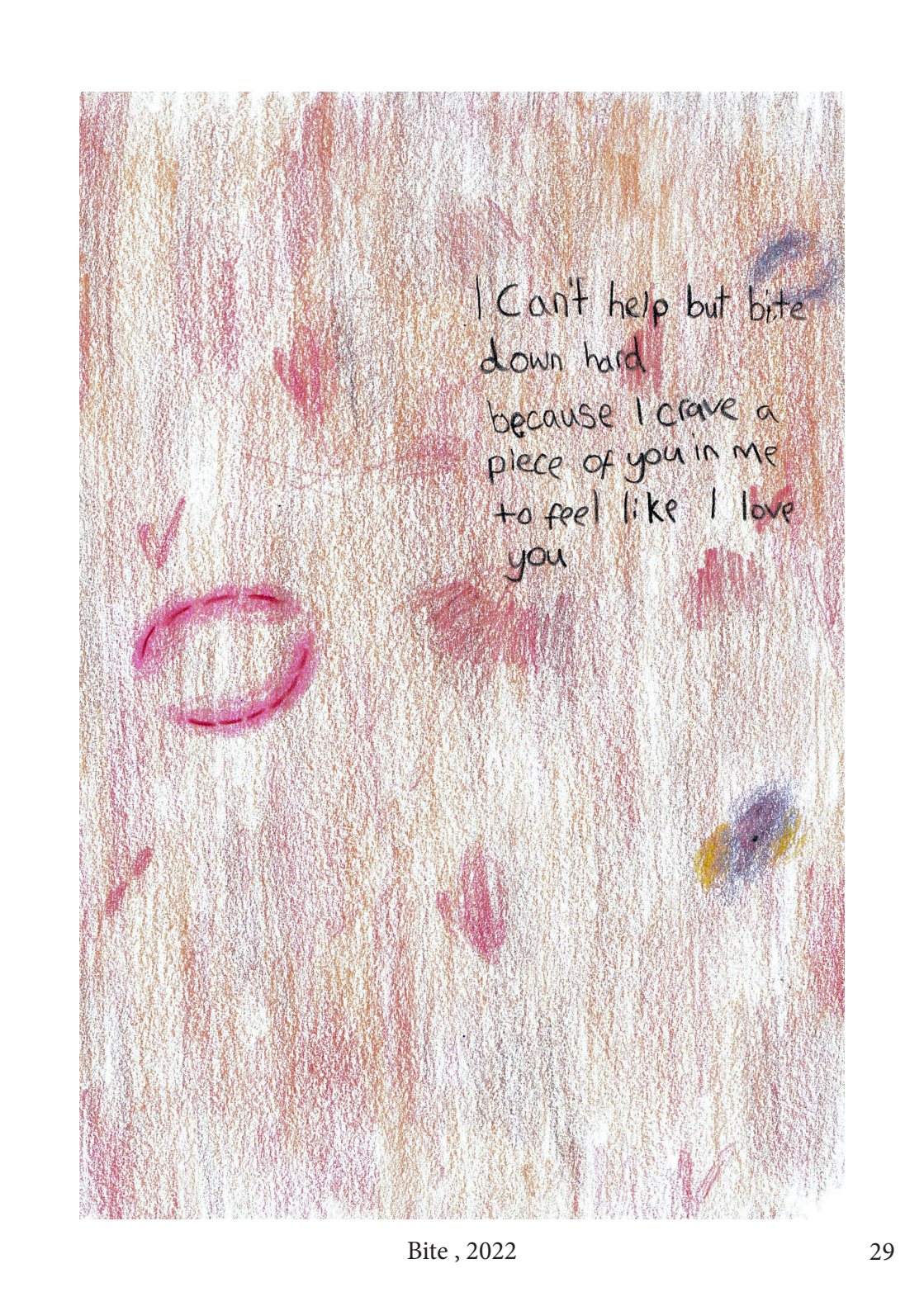
E





Tabitha
@godsentbagel
They/Them

Cannibalism is the ultimate romantic form: when you love someone so much you need to have them with/in you at all times.

The artwork features a dense, textured background of pink, orange, and white, resembling a close-up of a flower or a heavily layered drawing. A central text block is written in a simple, handwritten style. To the left of the text, there are faint, sketchy outlines of what appear to be lips or a mouth, drawn in a light pink color. The overall composition is intimate and expressive, with the text serving as the focal point amidst the organic, painterly textures.

I Can't help but bite
down hard
because I crave a
piece of you in me
to feel like I love
you

Okenki
Email. okenkibox@gmail.com
Website. okenki.tumblr.com
[@okenki_art](#)
Any pronouns

Okenki is an european based black artist that likes to touch anything from graphic and visual arts to texts and poems.
Those two poems were written after a breakup.



Han
@hanexists / @kitskingdom
They/Them

I'm a film student, creative and aspiring production designer from liverpool! I have lots of feelings inside of me all of the time so for Big Feelers

I created a digital collage to express all the different mismatched attachments and emotions inside of us.



Feelings That Are Big , 2023

Eli Delbaere
@eli_del_belgique
They / Them

Eli Delbaere is a multidisciplinary fine artist currently based in south England. Their artwork, figurative yet imbued with mysticism, aims to create a transgressive space that eclipses the binaries and conventions most of us remain trapped in throughout our lives. With oils and acrylics, drawing and collage, textile and sculptural elements, they create shrine-like installations and images which borrow from fairytales, mythology, folklore and psychoanalysis, repurposed via a contemporary lens.



Afterdark , 2022

Bloom Evenstar
@darkerglamour
She/Her

I'm an autistic and queer fantasy writer/emotional poet studying english literature with creative writing at UOR. This poem depicts the sense of being misunderstood when trying to express or failing to suppress large and sometimes overwhelming emotions. Woven from my own experience, I wanted to craft something hopefully other Big Feelers would also be able to understand and relate to.

i feel it ALL

is this flesh truly my own?
or threads of chance drawn and sewn?
perhaps i need someone to hold?
this loop is given, it's getting old.
the frays of time are taut and dull;
as i feel it ALL in my sense of self.
am i real or like the static skull
on my bookshelf?

the way some words get into my head...
it's so damn easy to be mislead.
my heart, my chest! it's all too much!
pressure spreading; a flower's bud, unfurling touch;
threads of thought like capillaries
stretched thin by tender hearts shattered,
is feeling it ALL such a sin? to be told
my feelings never mattered—
that a tattered reaction is a false one—
can you blame me for receding
and wanting to run?

to me, the end, feeling it ALL:
'touchy', 'sensitive', 'autistic', 'fool'—
take my hand and lead me elsewhere,
someplace without the glare of no
empathy; where it'll be easier to breathe.
so on me they can no longer feed
nor drain nor rip nor mock nor choke

nor thief.

Otto Taylor
@called_corvid on twitter
calledcorvid@gmail.com
He / Him

Queer fantasy writer & poet, currently studying concept art at UCA.
Partial to writing about big emotions through imagines and metaphors,
because sometimes plain words aren't enough.

when hades comes calling

It feels like my heart is in my throat
and i am choking on a barrier that isn't there,
the pains in my chest both physical
and metaphorical when hades comes
knocking at my door,
i do not know how to greet them
but they show themselves in anyways.

The words that die in my mouth
are words that never shouldve left
the cavity that calls itself home behind my ribs,
and no,
i cannot tell you why my hands shake
or why the river styx flows
from the corners of my eyes,
for all the same reasons
that when i try to speak and cry
my words cant find their way out
of the graveyard that my mouth has become.

I am drowning in this,
in the place that i had once called a home,
in the feeling of never quite being enough,
never knowing what tomorrow will bring
or if it will only hurt once again.
Its an avalanche,
a tide made to overwhelm
and pull me under its tense,
skin tight surface
that ive been skating for so many years

One day i will break the surface again,
one day i will turn the tide into my own,
the push and pull of the moon into the push
and pull of the beating of my very own heart,
one day i will take the dried dirt that litters

my graveyard and pull the garden
from my dreams into reality,
push the flowers and hedges into the void
of space that ive surrounded myself with
and finally,
one day,
i will open the door when hades comes knocking,
and offer them a cup of tea

handlebars

there is a pretty boy sat behind me on my bike
his hands are wrapped around my waist,
a little tight, but they fit snug into the pockets of my jacket
i do not need to check that he's still there,
but sometimes i take my left hand
and press it against his right

sometimes i am the pretty boy,
and he takes his right hand off to cover mine
just to make sure i'm still there
even though he can feel the warmth of my hand in his pocket

there is a gas station on the side of the road
when we stop, he does not give me a second glance
but i spend as long as i can staring at the back of his head
memorising the way the wind smooths his hair
from the mess the helmet's made
before we are back on my bike
and i feel his hands around my chest

the hours we spend driving broken country roads
watching forest paths pass on our left
echoes of childhood days racing the
exhaust fumes trailing mildewed memories
and open space in empty fields where
hopeful memories should live
but all they hold is stardust

there is a pretty boy sat behind me on my bike,
his hands shoved into the pockets of my jacket
where i can feel his warmth, heat in the middle
of winter,
but still i take my right hand off the handlebars,
just to check he's real

voicemails

You've been here before
the phone in your hand is old, but its weight is familiar
Theres a long list of voicemails, never meant to be heard
but here you are anyways
with unanswered questions and a heart lodged in your throat

You've been here before
but not quite, not this time
they start the same, quiet sobs and whispered secrets
that you had never spoken aloud to anyone but each other
and the pain behind their words seeps through
the fried edge of their voice

You've been here before
but you haven't, not really
there were days you could never get back,
lost to mistakes and pain neither of you could stop
but this time
you weren't here at all

you don't know if you want to remember where you were,
but it felt like flying, and drowning and dying

theres more than a couple dozen messages left
all from after you started this dance with death
and you know, this time
listening to voicemails of words spoken into the abyss
with no intention for the void to ever speak back

you can try to ease the pain from the fifth message,
the tenth, the fifteenth, the thirtieth

you played a game with the reaper and won
maybe now you can pick up the pieces left
from when death came knocking

Dante Blackwood
danteblackwood03@gmail.com
He/Him/It

I'm a mixed media multidisciplinary creative artist with a primary focus on fantasy and human experience. This piece is about my relationship with my mood swings and how easy it is to be utterly exhausted when learning to feel and regulate your emotions.

Waves of Emotion

The blood in my veins crashes through my heart
As a river carves its path through the steady landscape
It gives me life to drink and the joy of swimming
Yet I am caught in its current
Thrown over the peaks my heart is full, I feel the urge
To scream and howl, the pressure bursting
Is that rhythm in my mind?

Surely enough I am dragged under.

I know better than to cry out for a saviour
The river is my constant, I know that
As truly as I am lifted over its crests
I will be pulled down to its furrow
There is no use wasting my breath
Just make it through the dip
Just go with the waves
Just follow the river
My lungs burn

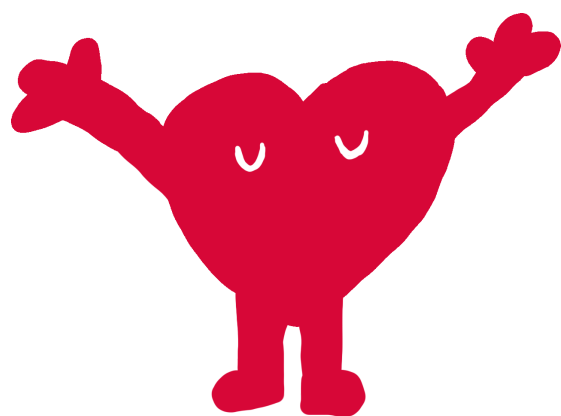
I hear familiar voices
The current picks me up
Higher, higher, higher- higher
Lightheaded, my mind swims
Loss of air or pressure, I cannot say
My first breath is released in a laugh
How easy it is to talk without the water
I am still lightheaded, yet it feels like bliss
When was the last time I had a clear mind?

It is if I am flying over the water
The company and joy fills me
Inflates my lungs like a swim bladder
I do not remember the depths
It is as if there is nothing underneath me
There is a distant roar, it churns the back of my mind
Chills the river of blood in my veins
Pulls me from the moment of reprieve
A souring of sweet relief

My salty tears merging with the fresh water,
I wonder if the salmon will remember their home
If only for a moment
I do not remember the last time I felt at home
Being thrown has bruised me and drained me of all fight
The more I struggle the more my muscles burn
So I appreciate the littler things
And wait for the river to pick me up again
It's been an hour.

This indomitable force of nature
It has chosen me
There is beauty in it
And the land it travels across
Yet I fear how I lose my control
When I sleep laying on the bank
I dream of the peaks
My body craves the motion
The water laps at my feet, memories of movement

I roll out of bed and into the embrace of the river
I sink
I lay, unable to fight, dragging across the rocks
I raise an arm to reach for the gentle middle
It is pulled back to my body as the strength of the water
Threatens to break me
I cannot win
And yet I embrace the process
This force of nature is indomitable.



Emeldee
@madelinelouiseee
She/they

I'm a poet based in Leeds. I've always used poetry as a way of expressing large feelings i can't describe, and these poems document the rocky process of falling in love with my current partner. My love for them feels bigger than myself and my poems are the closest I've ever gotten to an "I love you" that is big enough to match the feeling.

walls

My walls never stay up never guarded;
Open air bedroom with no ceiling,
Skylight or canopy,
To block the rain storm or that sinking feeling
That nothing is mine not even my thoughts.
My glass skin exhibits the stodginess of my blood,
My muscleless heart and chipped teeth.
I window wipe my transparency and sob my skin clean.
We wander the cobblestone beach searching for skim-
ming stones and bricks
So I can finally build a defence, but all I find are pebbles
And somehow the stone at the bottom of my turret looks
Bouncy
So you pluck it and chuck it and turn and grin,
And I haplessly grin back, walls scattered at my feet and
Defenceless
You truly see me.

Emeldee, 01/02/23



Yoël (they/them) , 2023

Before we fell in love

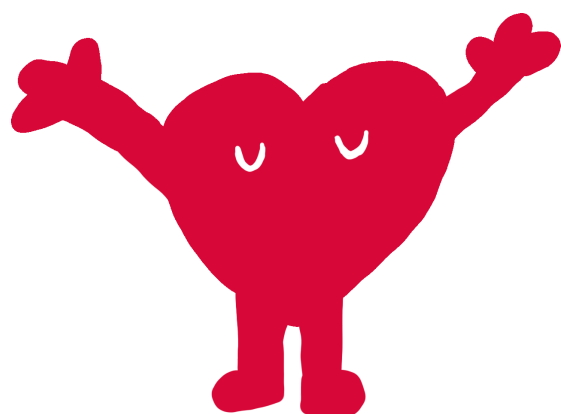
Before we fell in love

My broken heart isn't broken tonight
In your arms in outer space all those thoughts of
Unexplained weight are out of place.
The heavy air uplifted by your Kratos breath,
Aphrodite face and Eros voice,
Tonight I am not heartbroken by chance
And not in love by choice.
Rainless sky pittering and pattering our too-dry
Bonfire as we find beauty in the flames as they
Dance and joyously play and splutter and die,
Moving alongside with simple box footwork
Turning the wrong way and looking the right way
Not speaking fast enough to get out everything we need to
say,
So we trace sentences into each others palms as we speak
Our bodies conversing as we discuss how we pray
Both godless and curious,
Unbelieving and devious.
I tell you my trauma and deepest darkest secrets
As we fall in love with your ex, i'm in awe of the
Rasp in her songs and familiarity of her lyrised emotions,
Intoxicated by the evenings surrealism and our alcoholic
potions.
We long for rain and somehow pray the storm away
Maybe the stars overheard our cynicism and disrespect
And removed the magic from our fallen lashes
Maybe they blinked when we discussed our solar system
and
Our appreciation of how she's
Always so gorgeous
Maybe the stars only overheard "not as gorgeous as you"
And turned in absolute outrage at the notion
That the beauty of an undivine being closer to leaf matter
than
Intergalactic bodies could even be considered comparable.
Either way I'll take clear skies any day if it means
I can truly express how enchanting you are.

Emeldee, 24/08/22



Yoël (they/them) , 2023



BUNNYTEEF
@8unnyteef
He/They

BUNNYTEEF is a full time gender anarchist and transsexual, multi-disciplinary, nonsense-maker whose artist practice addresses trans sex, intimacy, desirability and religious experiences from a crip, non-monogamous, non-binary and non-person perspective.

“My art and poetry is the most pure, divine expression of the love that trickles out of my chest. I feel everything so, so deeply and when I fall in love it consumes every part of me - my pieces are drips of this huge wave.”

would it be okay if maybe you put your forehead on my forehead like we're bumping our little skulls together and you could run your fingertips over my lips and we could lie on Venus and sink into her skin and be forever immortalised with our fingers intertwined

13/03/22

When I'm in love with someone I think about all the times in my life I have felt a space where I wish I could just turn around and they were there. I think about times when I'm walking in the woods or feeling spaced out under the fluorescent lights of a corner shop. It feels like being in love loopholes the idea of chronological time and suddenly you're in all my memories without realising. It's not just about wishing that you'd stay around forever, it's about weaving you into my memories from the past.

01/09/22

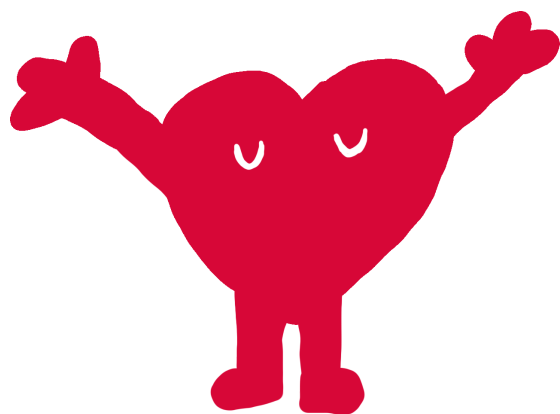
I want you love me like we're 16,
we're drowning in each others hair as I push it out of your face,
because you'll kiss me anyway,
hair in my mouth and buried in my pillows,
I'll find them, weeks later,
exasperated and yearning for you to hold my head and touch my mouth to yours in a manner that makes me nose bleed from intensity,
I'll say sorry,
and you'll wipe it off my nose and onto yours ,
"why apologize, it's me that's bleeding"

you always know what to say, dizzy in your passion to rip my clothes off and make me scream until morning,
where I'll roll over , away from the sandy duned colours of my bedsheets in the kingdom we found in each other, and in the shirt with the most fabric I can find,
wander to the kitchen and make us tea, trying to hide my love bites from my parents,
and I'll reward you in the only way I know how.
by promising to be forever yours, and let this only last until you're fed up of me.

instead I am three years past sixteen,
and I yearn for someone who only wants me.

28/09/22





Allister Banks
@l0v3rrr_b0y
They / He

I am an illustration student and multidisciplinary artist currently studying at UCA. My work relates to themes of found family and the idea of loving people on purpose, usually through my characters. This piece specifically looks at the tenderness shared between a couple cuddling asleep on a summer's morning and the love stored in everyday acts.



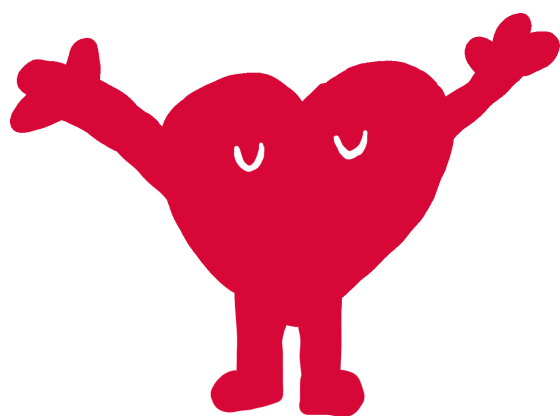
untitled , 2020

Oona
@oonasattemptart
They/Them

One of my favourite things to do as an artist is incorporate my poetry into my work. I can feel the pain evaporate from me as I draw. I love the way colours and shapes overlap, everything is intertwined.







Lauren Thompson
@laurenthompsonstudio
<https://www.laurenthompsonstudio.com/>
She / Her

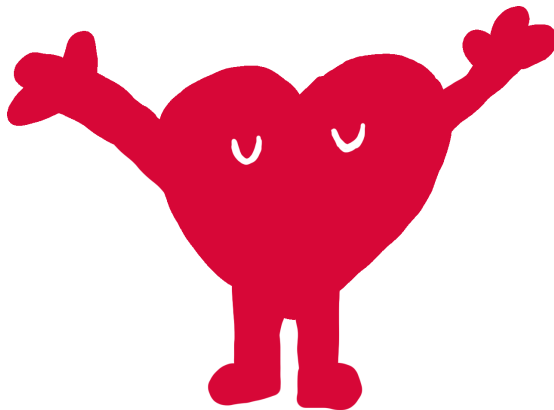
My self-portrait photography is influenced by elements of expressionism and surrealism. My exploration of the female gaze encompasses the emotions of the female into the external representation of the body. By re-claiming the female image, I strive to empower women to feel proud of the intrinsic relationship between mind and body.



Disembodied , 2021

Work by :

Adam Hanford (@rookerful)
Kit (@kit.fever)
Maisy Carty (@maisycphoto)
Finn Matteo (@batboy.png)
EB (@eb_art_stuff)
Millie (@themiliad)
Toad Carlton (@rhubarbfools)
Elm Tyto Gleeson (@elm.tree.art)
Tabitha (@godsentbagel)
Okenki (@okenki_art)
Han (@hanexists / @kitskingdom)
Eli Delbaere (@eli_del_belgique)
Bloom Evenstar (@darkerglamour)
Otto Taylor (@called_corvid on twitter)
Dante Blackwood (danteblackwood03@gmail.com)
Maddy (@madelinelouiseee)
BUNNYTEEF (@8unnyteef)
Allister Banks (@l0v3rrr_b0y)
Emeldee (@madelinelouiseee)
Oona (@oonasattemptatart)
Lauren Thompson (@laurenthompsonstudio)



Whatever you do , do it with big feelings.

Follow along or join us @bigfeelersclub on Instagram.